

## THE-MAN-ON-THE-CORNER.

Topics of *The Times* Tersely Treated by One Who Mingles 'mid the Passing Throng.

Surely, the reporter of the Detroit Journal has misunderstood or misrepresented Miss Emily A. Harper, the clever and erudite assistant in the Armstrong Manual Training School, who is on a visit to friends in the Michigan metropolis. Her large circle of acquaintances in this city are not a little shocked to read in the Detroit paper of recent date the following interview, purporting to be an expression from her lips. Comparing conditions in that city and in this, she is reported to have said:

"You see here no such colored people as we have there. They are so poor and repulsive. They are never impolite—a southerner never is that—but they are dirty and they don't know how to dress. The manual training work did wonders for the girls last year, though. It was the first year for the work, and when they had learned to sew a little, we insisted that they must dress neatly when they came to school."

"I meet with a great deal of jealousy from the other teachers," Miss Harper is reported to have continued, with a sigh, "I am a northerner and they don't like that. They say they have plenty of teachers south. They do have, too, and I think it would be a good thing for the colored girls of Detroit to go south. Here there is very little incentive for them to finish the high school. There is nothing open for them when they do. In Washington alone, there are 400 colored girls teaching. When the young people see how others of their race are succeeding, they feel a desire to do something themselves."

My impression is that some young "smart Aleck" was sent out to gather Miss Harper's views, and he thought it would be a neat trick to place her in a false attitude by garbling her remarks, and attribute to her the utterances of sentiments which could under no circumstances find lodgment in her mind. Miss Harper is a graduate of the University of Michigan, and that training, supplemented with her five years in the Washington schools, would serve to inculcate a pride of race and personal culture that would forbid such a notorious caricature of the people of this vicinity. I am sure Miss Harper has been falsely quoted.

Few of the "old stagers" are now found in the office of the Recorder of Deeds, but among the familiar faces—and a striking one that even the most casual visitor never forgets—is that of Walter A. Pinchback. He entered the office in 1891, and has been rated as a clerk of the very first-class, handling with ease and accuracy the many details that are encountered in the recording and disposing of the deeds and miscellaneous papers that are received daily at the land registering department of the District of Columbia. Mr. Pinchback is painstaking in whatever duty is assigned him, and careful as to the slightest point that might some time arise to cause confusion and embarrassment to his chief. He is a graduate of Andover College, and has sound and well-defined views upon all questions of public moment. He is a recognized authority upon army matters. He was at the front during the Spanish-American war in Santiago, with the 9th Immunes, and though appointed as a second lieutenant, served throughout that memorable campaign as first lieutenant (his next in command being absent), and acquitted himself with credit and distinction. He was a member of the commission appointed to investigate the accounts of the local administration in his province, and conducted some delicate negotiations with a skill that stamped him as a coming diplomat. Mr. Pinchback is a son of former Governor Pinchback, of Louisiana, and has much of the virile personality that has made the Dean of the Old Guard a national force. Mr. Pinchback is now a citizen of New York, and the only representative of that state in the Recorder's office. In the event of a reorganization of the clerical staff, it

is more than likely that a neat promotion is in store for the talented young lieutenant.

Washington has an overplus of useful Afro-Americans—and they do not all belong to the "lower five," either. Some of them abound in the government departments. They draw good salaries and rattle around in places that active and public-spirited men ought to be filling. They contribute nothing in money, service of influence to the welfare of the community. Their faces are never seen at race meetings; they do not go near a church or literary; they never buy a ticket to a beneficial entertainment; they can't make a speech and would not be able to recognize an idea if they met it face to face in the street. They are negative characters of the most inconsequential sort, and when they die they leave no mourners and are soon forgotten. Just what excuse they have for existence is not discernible to the naked eye. They are simply stumbling-blocks in the pathway of live, energetic men and impede the progress of the race. The public service will be better off when such barnacles are pried loose from the Ship of State.

The Sunday funeral is an institution that is being done away with in all progressive communities. The white ministers of Norristown, Pa., have met and agreed to discourage the holding of funeral services on the Lord's day and passed resolutions in which they stated that such exercises tend to create show, entail unnecessary labor and are demoralizing. They further agreed that they would publicly request that they be not invited to attend funerals on Sunday, suggesting that the day should be devoted to divine worship and rest. If the colored ministers here would sit down on the absurd practice as a unit and secure the co-operation of the cemetery managers, the problem would be solved in short order. The conservers of good taste are growing more and more opposed to vulgar display, and in all communities there is room for reforms in both funeral and wedding customs—with a reduction, also, in expense.

If our colored capitalists or lodges want to invest their money in something that will yield large dividends and at the same time solve a difficult problem in living, they should build a row of low-priced flats for colored tenants, on the order of those put up by the Sanitary Improvement Company on D and Warner Streets. They are just the thing for small families.

The laugh is on the McLachlen real estate syndicate. They erected a pretty nice apartment house on 12th street this spring, and with much flourish of trumpets, stuck up a big sign "To let. To white tenants only." The neighborhood is almost exclusively colored. One white family moved in and after a month, moved out. The prices were \$20 and upward, and the suites went a-begging. The poor whites who would be willing to "endure" the Negro environment are not able to pay such rent for a flat and those who have that kind of money, feel that they can do better elsewhere. As a result the word "white" has been eliminated from the sign-board, and in the window is this legend: "To let; to respectable colored tenants." And the price is to undergo a cut. Is there a moral in this?

The pastor of a leading colored church here hails from Tennessee. When a boy he went to school at Knoxville to an Irishman, with a brogue of the pure Killarney brand. While in the south end of the Treasury building on business the other day the divine, who has a remarkable memory for faces, espied his erstwhile school-master performing the arduous duties of messenger. Approaching him with a bland smile the minister asked:

## The Vestry and Congregation OF ST. LUKE'S P. E. CHURCH WILL GIVE THEIR

Fifth Annual Fall Picnic

AT

LAKE VIEW PARK

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1902.

Monumental Orchestra,

[PROF. C. H. HAMILTON, LEADER]

## CLAIRVOYANT

AND ASTROLOGIST.



Life from cradle to grave. Give names in full of those you have or will marry; causes happy marriage to those you desire; unites those separated (never fails). If you are in doubt as to the outcome of any undertaking in business, social or domestic life; sickness, divorces, separations, law-suits, lost or absent friends interest

you; if you desire to have your domestic troubles removed, your lost love returned, consult or write me. You will be advised the best way to succeed. Patrons attended to in all parts of the world. Letters of inquiry answered on receipt of two 2 cent stamps.

MRS. C. CARY 1406 WEST YORK ST., PHILADELPHIA PA.

"Isn't your name Mr. ———?"  
"Naw," replied the son of Erin, savagely.

"Don't you remember me as one of your pupils when you taught school at Knoxville, Tenn., and how vigorously you used the rod on me?"

"Naw, sirrah; I never was your teacher, sirrah!" he answered, still more savagely.

"Beg pardon, sir," and the minister went his way, wondering if his eyes had played him falsely.

"By the cross of St. Catherine, he had me there, Mike," he muttered to a white comrade. "O'im the mon all right, but if it iver got out that I taught nayers down South O'id lose me job sure." And he went into executive session with himself.

People who live in glass houses should be exceedingly careful how they indulge in the stone-throwing industry. The Boston Guardian, a journal that is long on professions and short on performances, assuming virtues which it hath not—with respect to so-called questionable advertisements—was called down in an amusing fashion last week by the watchful editor of the Boston Advocate. (Note the "take off" on the name of William M. Trotter.) Says the Advocate:

"Worthy, Infinitesimal, Longitudinal, Loquacious, Irritable, Antagonistic, Master (Mighty) Trotter, the manager of the great, undeniable, arrogant, despicable, irascible, anonymous newspaper, is hot in the collar because prior to the last issue he has denied that he would ever publish a certain line of advertisements in his paper, but we see by a perusal of our esteemed contemporary, that a sporting advertisement crept in."

Now, wouldn't that jar you?

It may be of interest to some of my married friends to know that a St. Louis judge—who, by the way is a bachelor—has decided that a wife has a perfect right to go through her husband's pockets and abstract therefrom anything she sees fit to crave—money, love-letters, sundry locks of hair, or "any old thing." Washington wives have not needed this tip from a St. Louis bachelor—they own their husbands and all of which he is found

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## AMUSEMENTS

## Watson's Park.

Washington's Great Pleasure Resort, located on Glen Echo Railroad, Md., now open for the season, and it is hoped that every person will pay one visit to the Park this season as there has been many improvements made for your enjoyment. All churches, social clubs and associations are invited to spend their outing this summer at Watson's Park. Special car can be chartered Direct for the Park and ordered back when wanted. Cars for every day service. Take Chevy Chase for the Park. Those driving take Conduit to Turners and turn to the right. For further information apply to A. D. WATSON, 2025 L Street, N. W.

## Excelsior Pleasure Park.

Formerly known as MADRE'S PARK.] Is open for engagements for picnics and out-door entertainments by Sunday Schools, Churches, Societies and reputable Clubs and individuals for the season of 1902. Run under entirely new auspices, the Excelsior Business Club. Offers the best facilities to car line, as the Berwyn line of cars will let passengers off at the gate of the Park; ONLY ONE FARE. Ample, covered Pavillion. Good water. Enclosed grounds with swings and other improvements. For further information or engagements address, or call at the residence of,

Walter R. Franklin, President.  
320 Elm Street, N. W., City  
Will see callers from 4 to 7 o'clock p. m.

## Jones' Park.

Conduit Park, near Rock Spring Club, Take Car at 36th and Prospect Avenue. Meals Served at all Hours. Open all Night. Everything strictly first class. Take F street cars to Georgetown, ask to be put off at Jones'.  
R. E. Lewis, W. H. Belt, Proprietors.

## W. M. DRURY'S

RESTAURANT

1100 20th St., corner L. N. W., Washington, D. C.